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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

THIRTY



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The BOYS™

THIRTY

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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Printed in Canada

EPILOGUE

WISPO,
CAN YOU MAKE
LIGHT YET?

I'M ASSUMING THEY
TRAVELLED TO ANOTHER
DIMENSION TO FIGHT THE
FORCES OF EVIL FOREVER.
THEIR SACRIFICE WILL
ALLOW THE EARTH
TO SURVIVE.

OR
SOMETHING.



UM...
OKAY?

THAT'S
GREAT!

LAST NIGHT'S FIREWORKS WERE OBVIOUSLY
THE BEGINNING OF THE ATTACK, A PRE-EMPTIVE
STRIKE THAT THE G-MEN BARELY COUNTERED
BEFORE...YES, EXACTLY.

WHATEVER THE
DETAILS, THE VICTORY
PEOPLE WILL MAKE
IT WORK.



NICE WORK,
WISPO! OKAY,
TEAM, LET'S GET
TO WORK!

THOSE PUNKS
AIN'T GONNA GET
AWAY WITH
KIDNAPPIN'
PRE-WIZ!

CAT O'MITE,
I'M REALLY
FRIGHTENED...!





AW, C'MON,
BABY BLUE!
DON'T CRY!

BUT THOSE
MEN WERE
SCARY, THEY
HAD *GUNS*...

SO WHAT!
WE'RE TRAININ' TO
BE G-MEN, WE'RE
SUPERHEROES!

WE'LL GET
OUTTA HERE AN' MAKE
MISTER GODOLKIN
PROUD OF US, HE'S
JUST GONNA BE
SO PLEASED!



NO, OF COURSE
NOT. WOULD THAT WE
COULD ALTER REAL LIFE
THE WAY WE DO
COMIC BOOKS.

LOOKALIKES,
USED WITH RESTRAINT. A FEW
REPLACEMENT CHARACTERS.
BUT LONG TERM, CONSUMERS
WILL SEE THAT THEY'RE NOT
COMING BACK, AND...WELL, WE
HAVE TO BRACE OURSELVES
TO TAKE THE HIT.



I DON'T...
I DON'T LIKE
MISTER GODOLKIN
SOMETIMES.

I DON'T
LIKE THE STUFF
HE MAKES
ME DO.



YES, AS A
MATTER OF FACT
THEY WERE
THERE.

NO.
NO, THEY
DIDN'T.



HEY, YOU GUYS, DON'T GIVE UP! YOU THINK *FIVE-OH* STARTS CRYIN' WHEN THE GOIN' GETS TOUGH? OR CRITTER OR GROUND-HAWK OR DIVINE?

HECK, NO! THEY'RE THE *G-MEN*! THEY'RE THE ONES SHOWED US THE WAY!



RED RIVER PERSONNEL ARE NOTHING IF NOT THOROUGH, BUT EVEN MEN LIKE THAT HAVE LIMITS. AND, AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, I BELIEVE WE SHOULD STEER CLEAR OF RECRUITING OUTRIGHT SOCIOPATHS.

SO I CAME UP WITH ANOTHER SOLUTION. ONE THAT INVOLVES WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A CHAIN OF CUSTODY, SO THAT NO ONE'S EVER AWARE OF THE FINAL CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR PARTICULAR ROLE.



SO ARE WE GONNA ROLL OVER FOR THESE CREEPS? OR ARE WE GONNA BE WHAT MISTER GODOLKIN WANTS US TO BE?

UM... YEAH!

WE'RE GONNA BE HEROES!

DARN RIGHT WE ARE! WE'RE GONNA BUST OUTTA HERE! GONNA GET OUR HANDS ON THESE LOUSY RATS!

OH, GOSH...!



OFF ICELAND, ACTUALLY.

PROBABLY 'ROUND ABOUT NOW.



GONNA
SHOW 'EM IT DON'T
PAY TO MESS WITH
PRE-WIZ!



WELL, YEAH,
ON THE ONE HAND,
YOU DID NEARLY
GET YOURSELF
KILLED...

BUT ON
THE OTHER YOU
NEARLY TOOK THE
REST OF US WITH
YOU, YOU DOZY
FUCKIN' TWAT.

NOT TO BE
REPEATED,
HUGHIE:
CLEAR?



AYE.

CLEAR.

I JUST NEVER
IMAGINED ANYTHING
LIKE THAT.

ALL THOSE FOLK.
I MEAN I KNOW THEY WERE
SUPES, BUT THERE WERE
SO MANY O' THEM--ALL
JUST GETTIN' FUCKIN'
OBLITERATED...

SEEN
WORSE.



BUT MAYBE
NOW YOU KNOW
WHAT WE'RE
REALLY UP
AGAINST.

THIS IS
BIG BOY'S
RULES, MY
SON.



I CAN'T GET MY HEAD AROUND IT. I KNOW **GODOLKIN** HAD TO GO, I MEAN THAT ENTIRE HORRIBLE THING HE HAD THEM ALL TIED TO, IT WAS LIKE A PRISON. IT'S JUST **SO** DISGUSTIN', WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT WHAT HE...

AN' MAYBE, *MAYBE* SOME O' THE OTHERS. THE FIRST COUPLE O' TEAMS WERE OBVIOUSLY PRETTY FAR GONE.

BUT...



I DUNNO.

SORTA LIKE CANCER, INNIT? I MEAN HOW'RE YOU SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHERE TO STOP CUTTIN'?

YOU APPROVE O' WHAT WE SAW LAST NIGHT, IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLIN' ME?



WELL WHAT'D YOUR ANSWER'VE BEEN? 'COS I STILL DUNNO EXACTLY WHAT THE FUCK YOU THOUGHT YOU WAS DOIN'...

I WAS GONNA TRY AN' GET THEM OUT OF IT. SOME O' THE G-WIZ FELLAS, MAYBE.

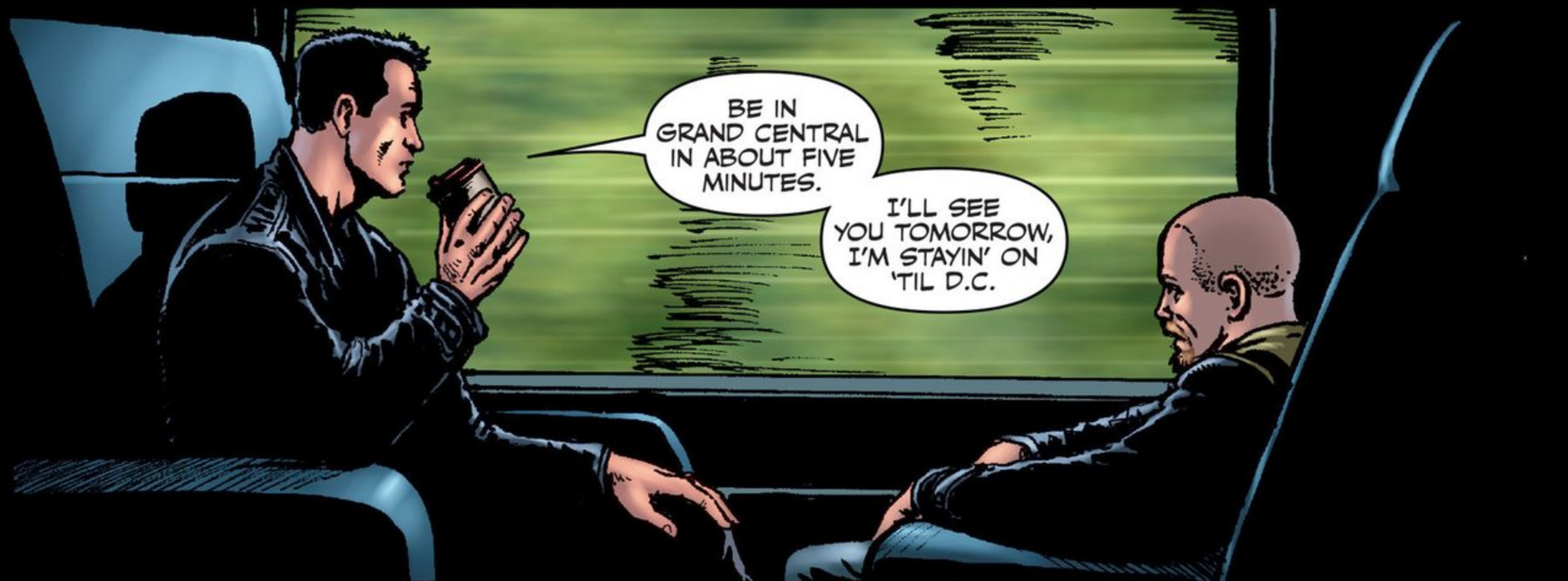
JUST TO MAKE THINGS... BETTER.



BUT WE AIN'T HERE TO MAKE THINGS BETTER, ARE WE, HUGHIE?

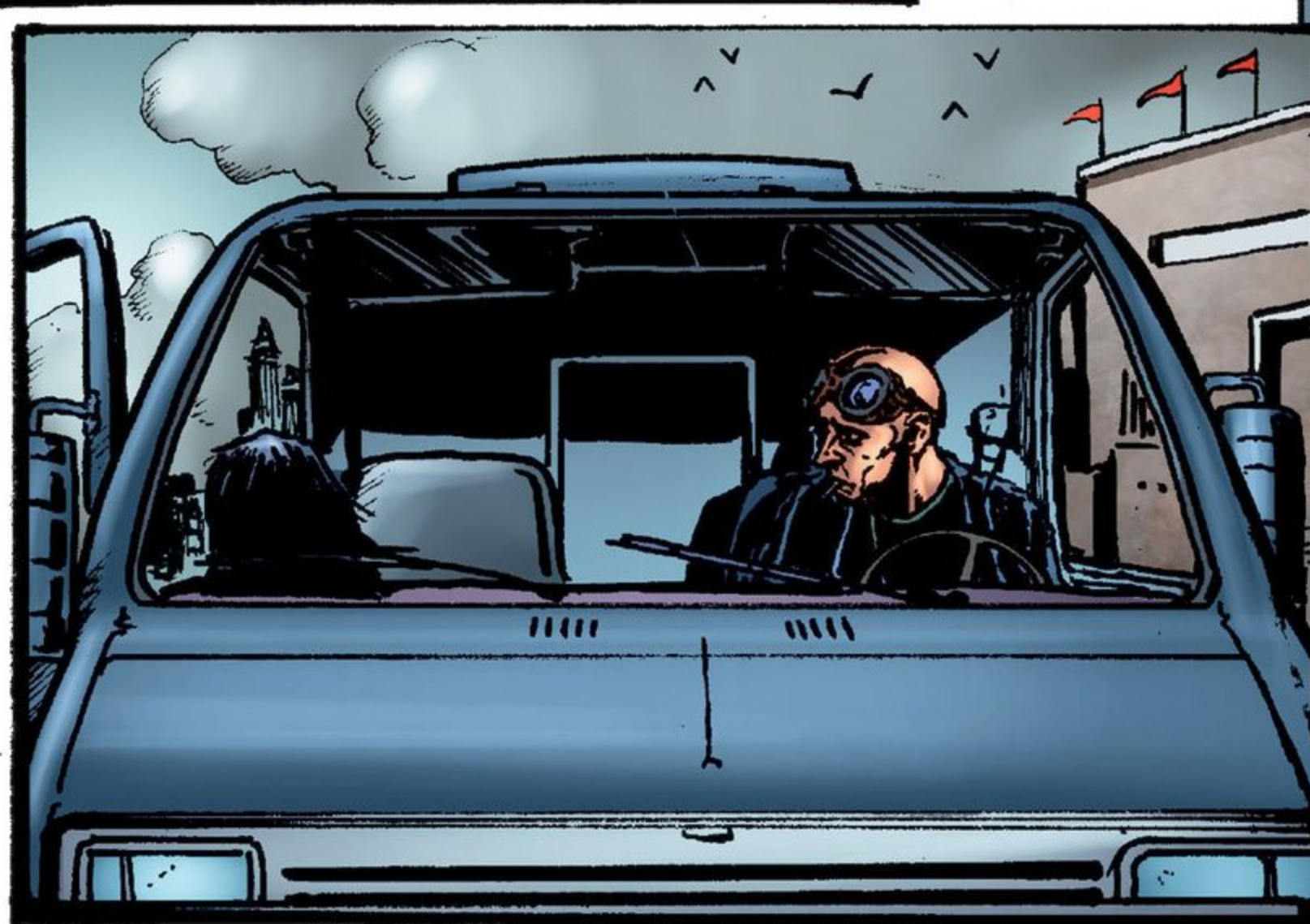
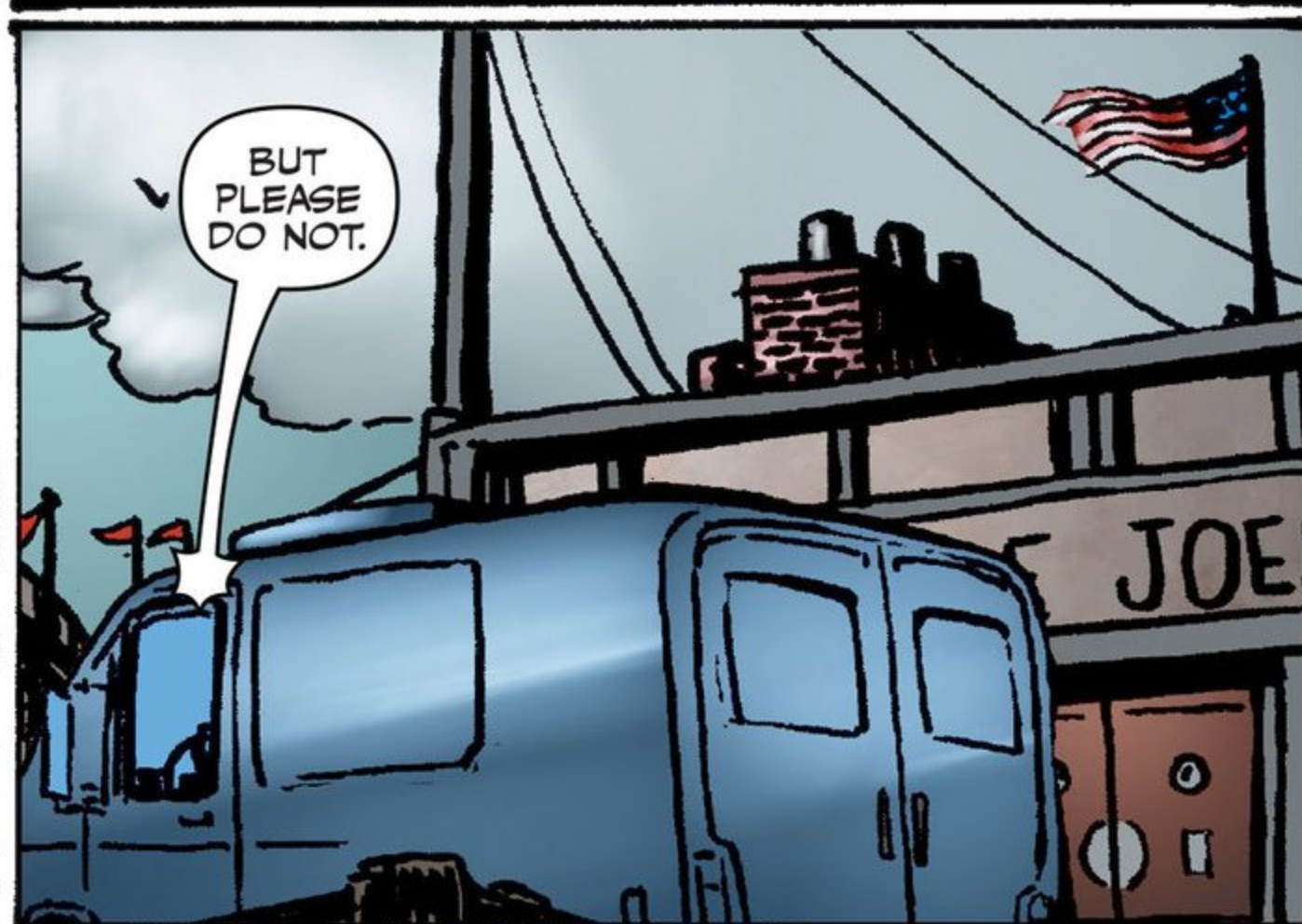
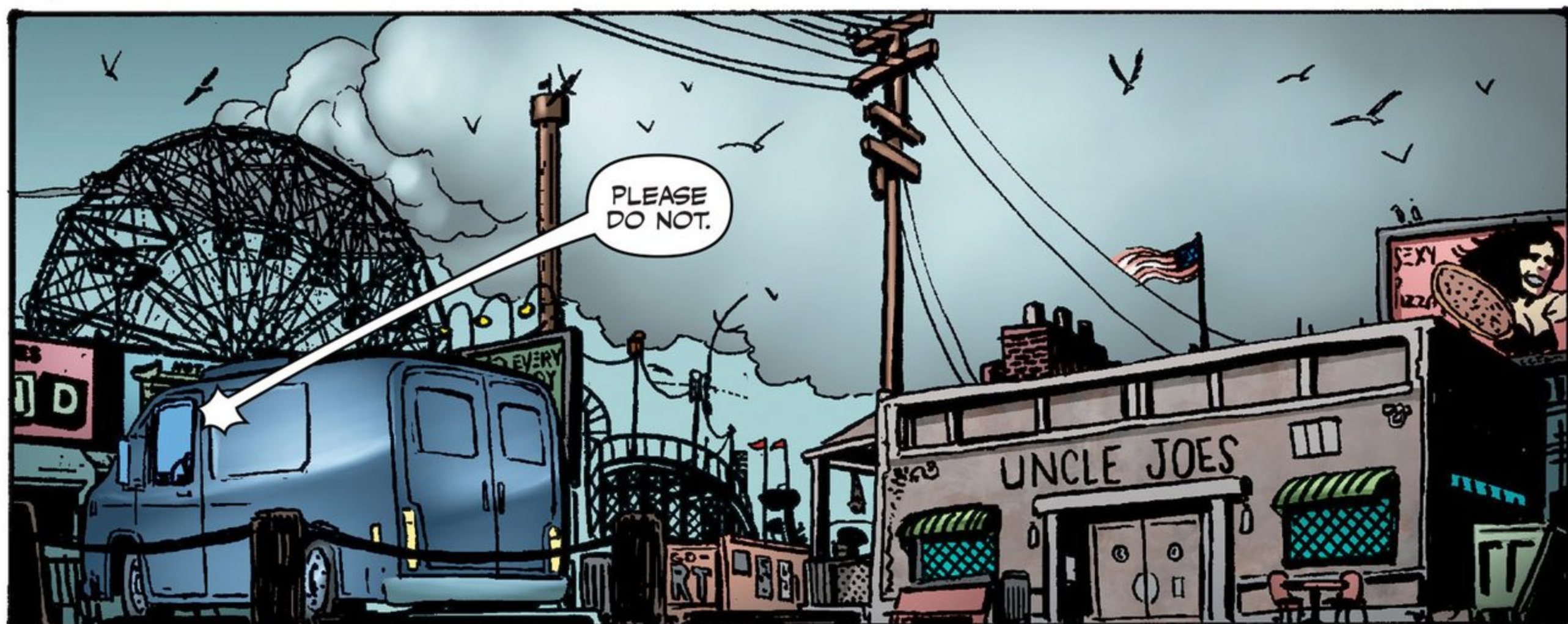


WE'RE HERE TO STOP 'EM FROM GETTIN' WORSE.



BE IN GRAND CENTRAL IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.

I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, I'M STAYIN' ON 'TIL D.C.







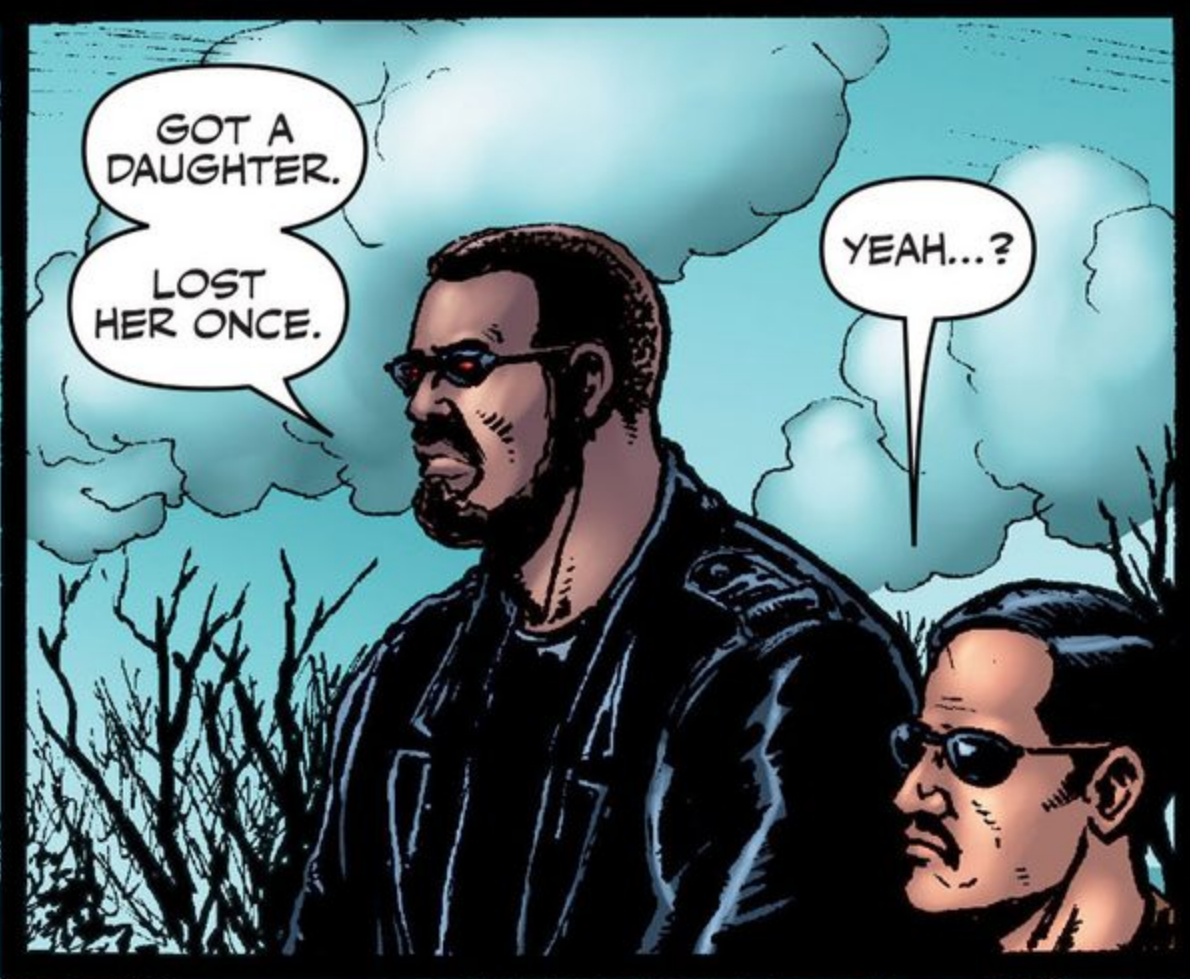
DON'T
HAVE TO DO
THIS, YOU
KNOW.



I KNOW.

YOU
GOT KIDS,
ROG?

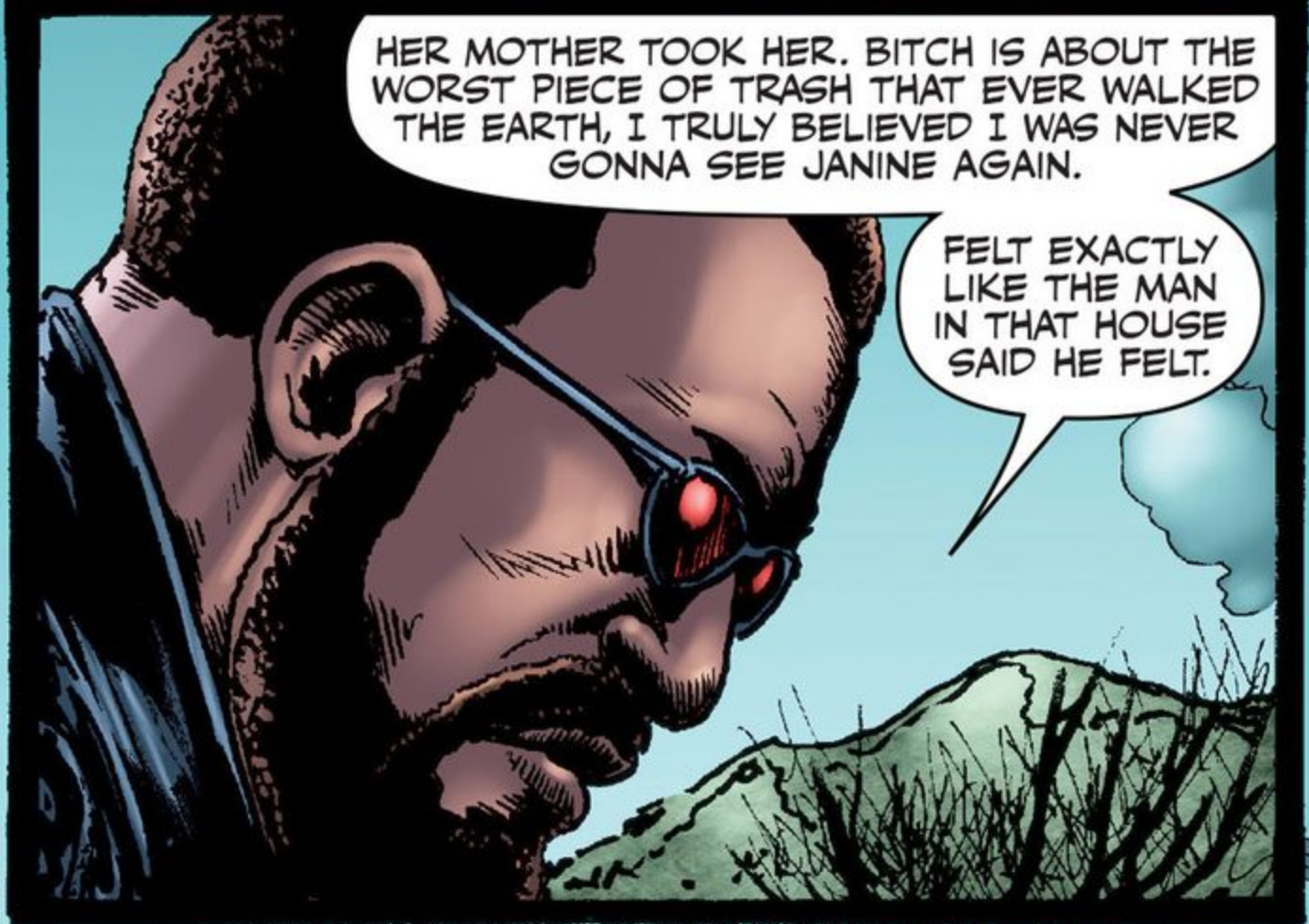
NO SIR.



GOT A
DAUGHTER.

LOST
HER ONCE.

YEAH...?



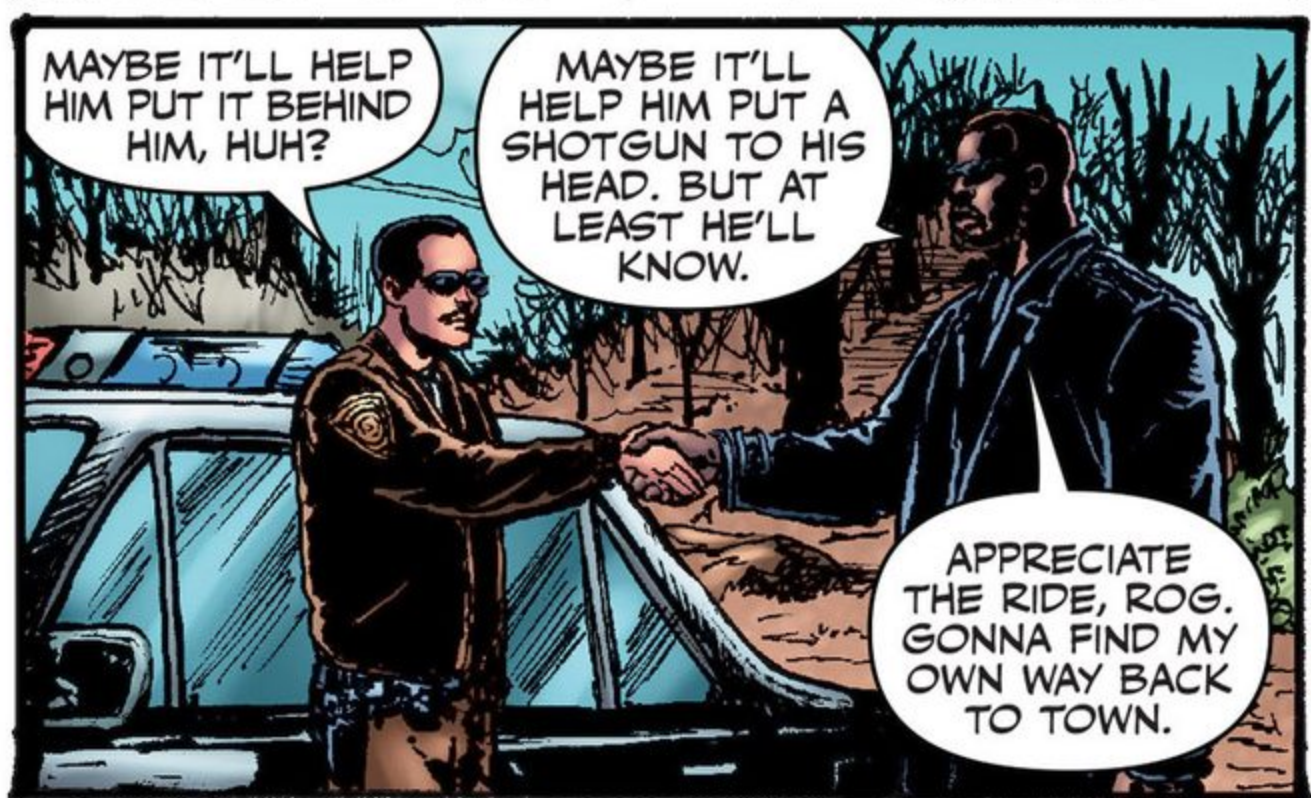
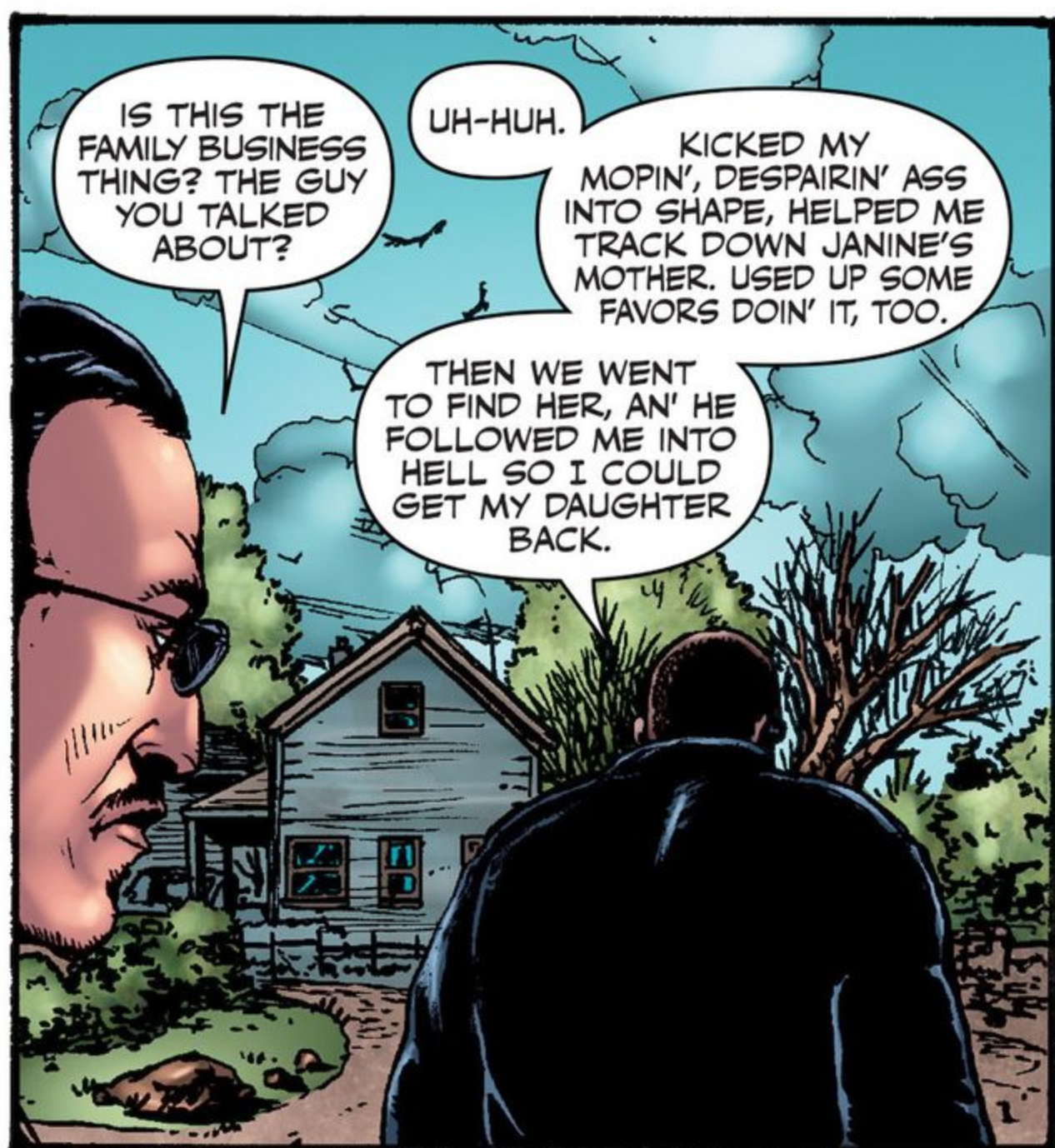
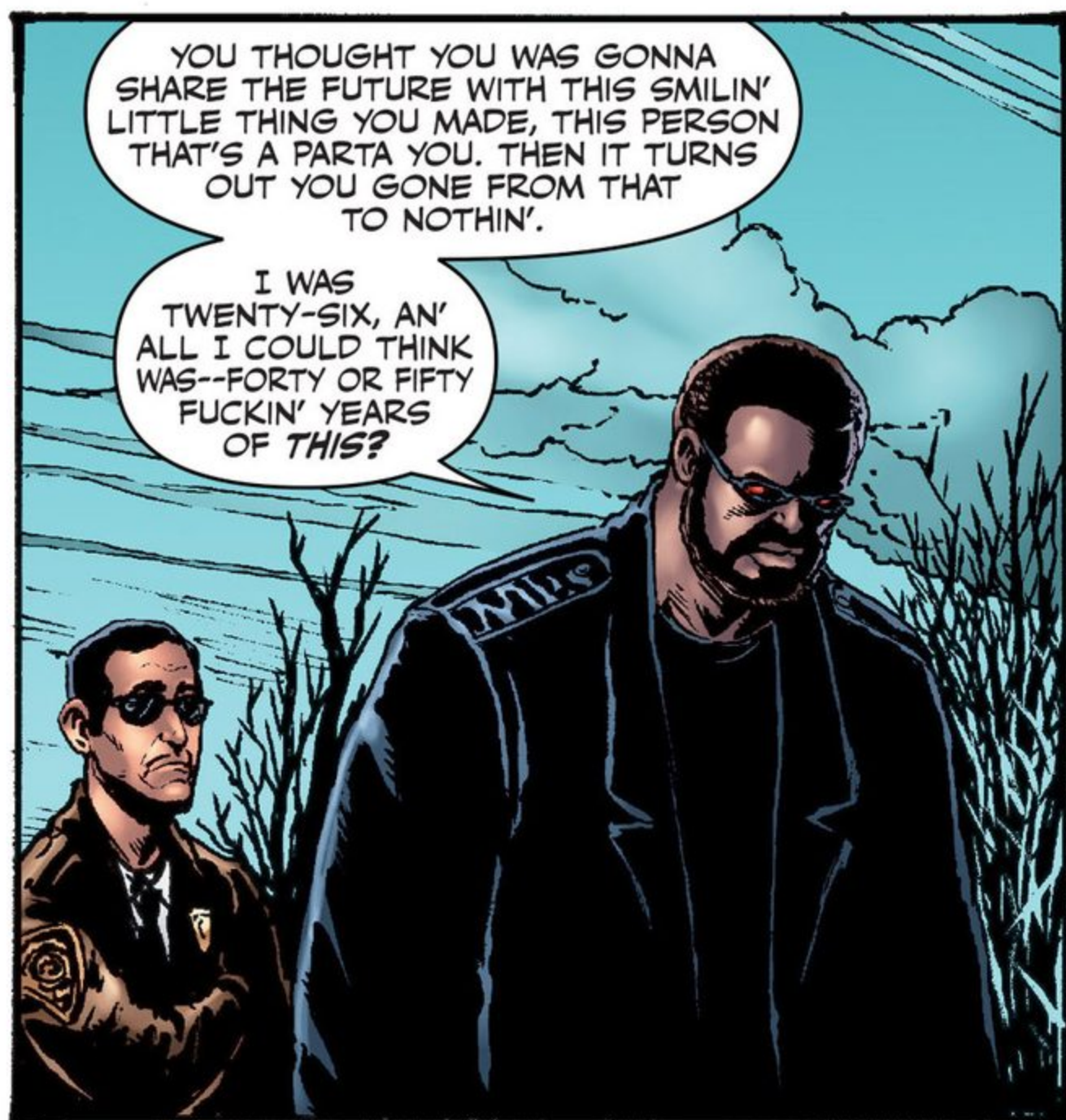
HER MOTHER TOOK HER. BITCH IS ABOUT THE
WORST PIECE OF TRASH THAT EVER WALKED
THE EARTH, I TRULY BELIEVED I WAS NEVER
GONNA SEE JANINE AGAIN.

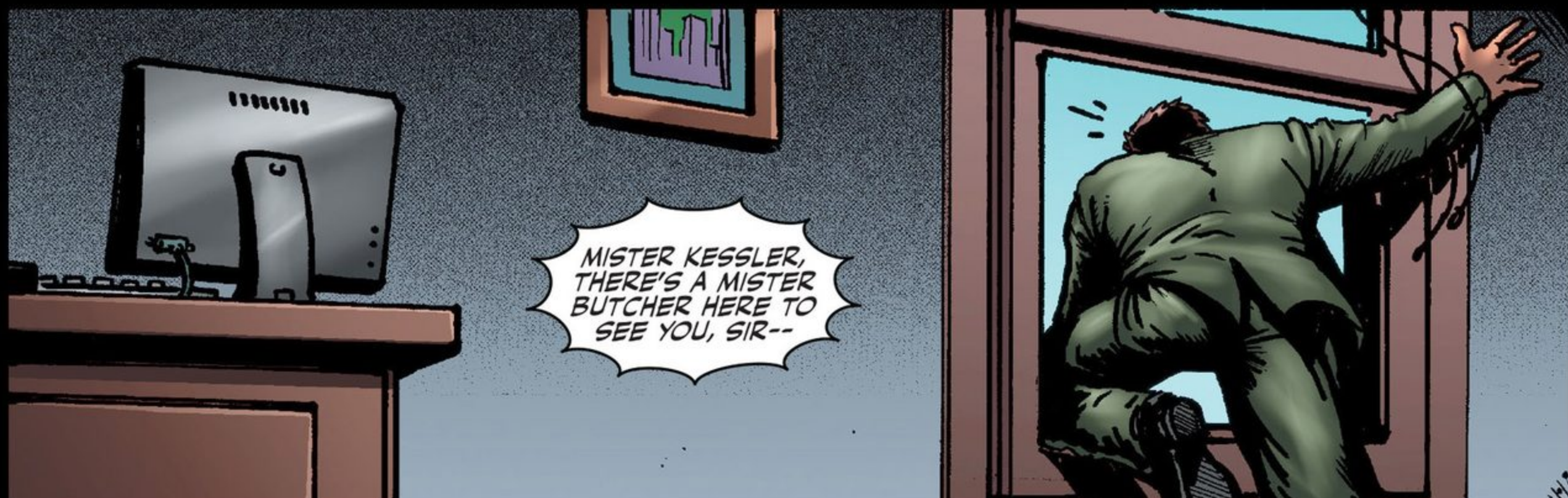
FELT EXACTLY
LIKE THE MAN
IN THAT HOUSE
SAID HE FELT.



DEAD
BUT STILL
WALKIN'.

ALL THOSE
YEARS AHEAD
ME I DIDN'T
WANT.







HHHHHHHHHHKKK
HHHHHHHHHHKKK



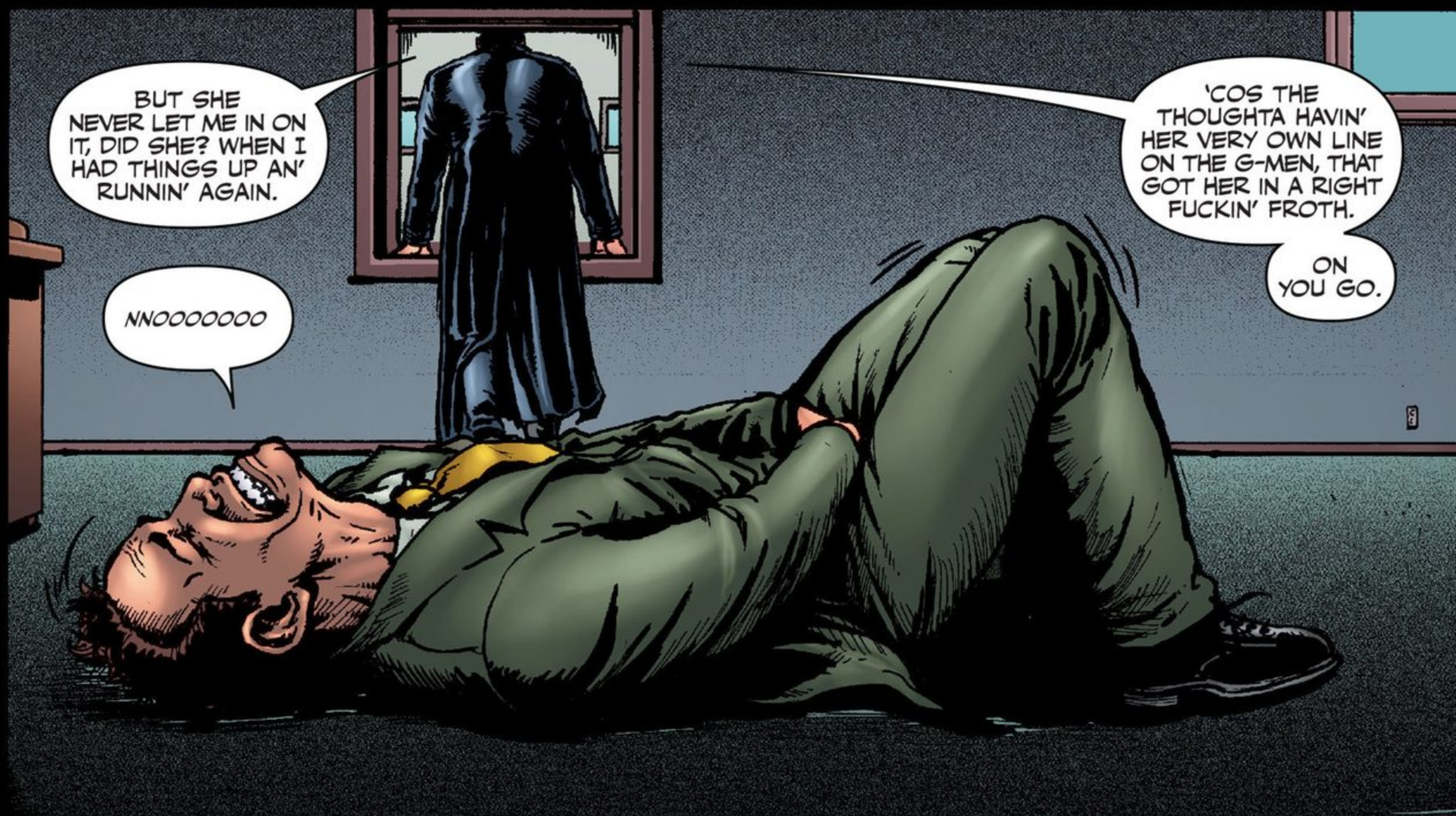
HOW LONG WAS
RAYNER TALKIN' TO
SILVER KINCAID?



IHWZ
IH WZ Y
IT WAS
ME.
AN' I READ
THE LOT, SO DON'T
FUCK ME ABOUT IF
YOU WANNA KEEP
YOUR HEAD ON YOUR
SHOULDERS.



HOW
LONG?
THREE
YEARS AGO
JUST
BEFORE
YOU CAME
BACK



BUT SHE NEVER LET ME IN ON IT, DID SHE? WHEN I HAD THINGS UP AN' RUNNIN' AGAIN.

NNNNNNNN

'COS THE THOUGHTA HAVIN' HER VERY OWN LINE ON THE G-MEN, THAT GOT HER IN A RIGHT FUCKIN' FROTH.

ON YOU GO.



SAID YOU READ IT

ALREADY KNOW IT



TELL ME ANYWAY.

HNNNGGHH

SHE

SHE WAS GOING TO BE

RAYNER'S SPY



REACHED OUT TO US AFTER NUBIA

SAID THINGS STARTING TO GO TOO FAR



GODOLKIN UNSTABLE

ALL OF THEM UNSTABLE

ANOTHER PRE-WIZ STARTING UP

O'HERO RAPING HIS WAY ROUND CORK



RAYNER COULD GIVE A SHIT, BUT...MAKE HER LOOK GOOD IF SHE HAD ENOUGH INTEL...MAYBE DESTABILISE G-MEN SOME DAY...

NEVER EVEN GOT THAT FAR. KINCAID TOLD HER GODOLKIN WAS GETTING SUSPICIOUS. RAYNER WOULDN'T LISTEN, BUT--

YOU COULD *SEE* KINCAID HAD A SCREW LOOSE HERSELF. *SEE* THE PRESSURE WAS BUILDING UP.



"BETRAYING THE G-MEN."

"BEING A G-MAN."



WHAT'D SHE SEND US IN FOR?

PISSED OFF. NO SOURCE, NO INTEL.

SCENTED BLOOD, ALL THE HINTS KINCAID'D MADE. WANTED ANSWERS, ONCE AND FOR ALL.



WANTED THE BIG FUCKIN' SECRET, GRATIS.

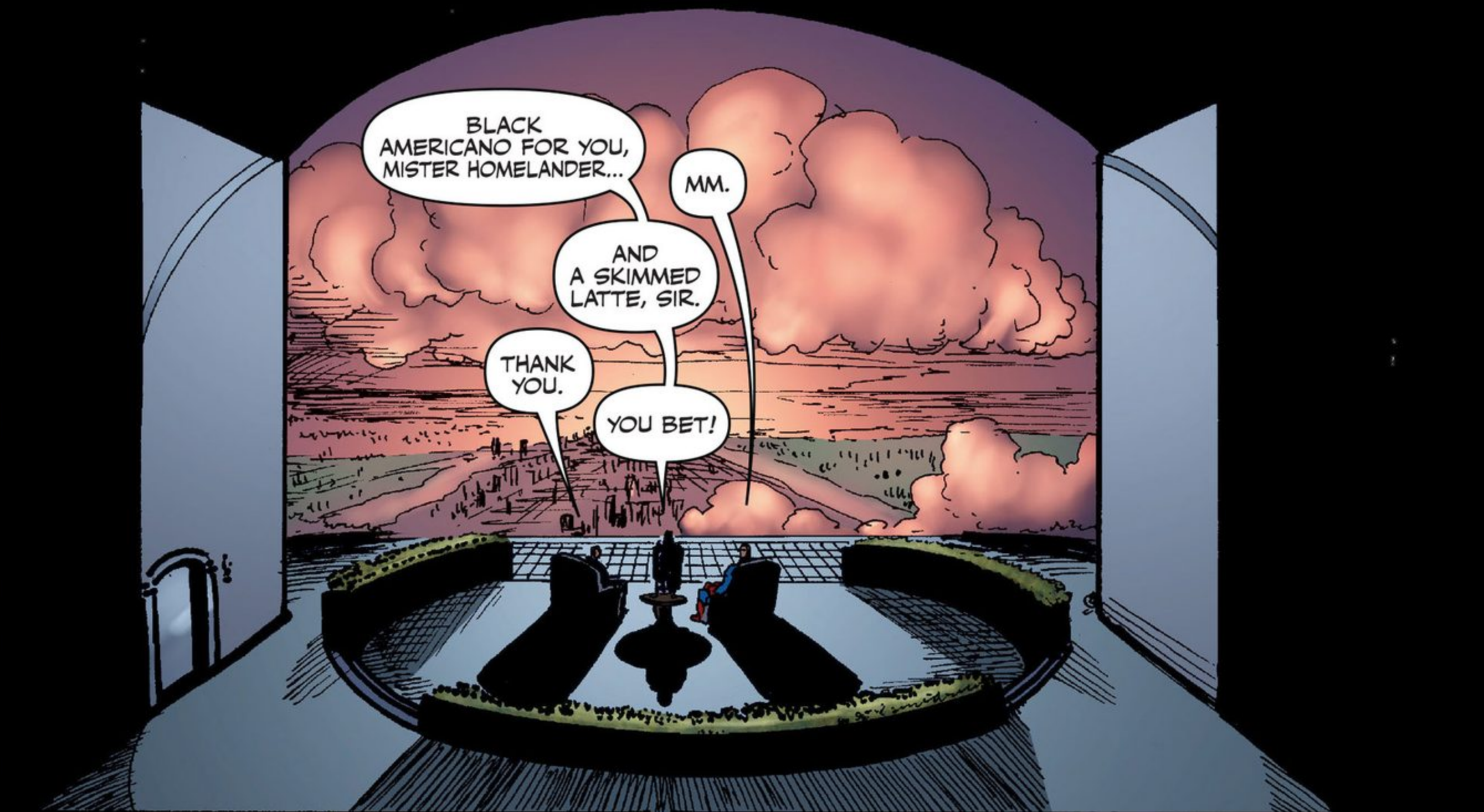
UHHHHHHH...

JUST DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO NICK YOUR HARD-DRIVE.



SEE YOU, MONKEY.

DON'T BOTHER TO GET UP.



BLACK AMERICANO FOR YOU, MISTER HOMELANDER...

MM.

AND A SKIMMED LATTE, SIR.

THANK YOU.

YOU BET!



WHO IS THAT?

WHAT?

OH, HE'S MAEVE'S NUMBER ONE FAN-SPITTOON. FLIPPER, OR SOMETHING.



WORKS FOR A PITTANCE, IN THE VAIN HOPE THAT SHE MIGHT ONE DAY USE HIM TO DOUCHE WITH.

SO THEY'RE ALL GONE...?

MM-HMM.



JESUS.

AND BUTCHER'S PEOPLE WERE DEFINITELY INVOLVED?

ONLY PERIPHERALLY. TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES THE G-MEN SIMPLY IMPOLODED, WHICH SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE WHO EVER MET GODOLKIN.

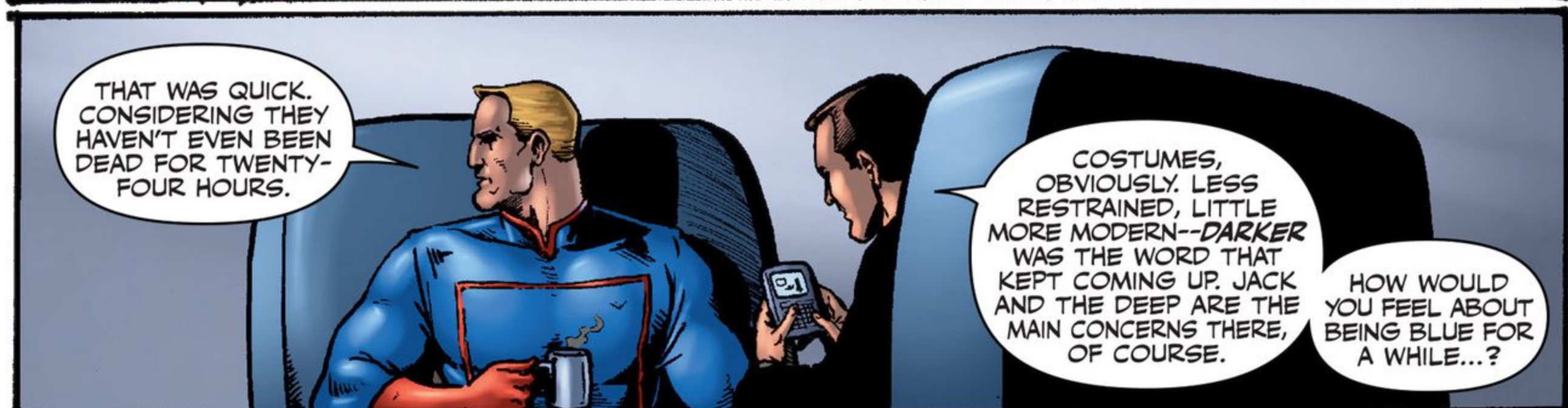
THE UPSHOT OF IT IS, THERE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO BE SOME CHANGES AROUND HERE...



OH?

NOT FOR THE SEVEN ALONE, BUT YOU ARE NOW OUR NUMBER ONE SOURCE OF REVENUE. AND THERE'S GOING TO BE QUITE A SHORTFALL TO MAKE UP.

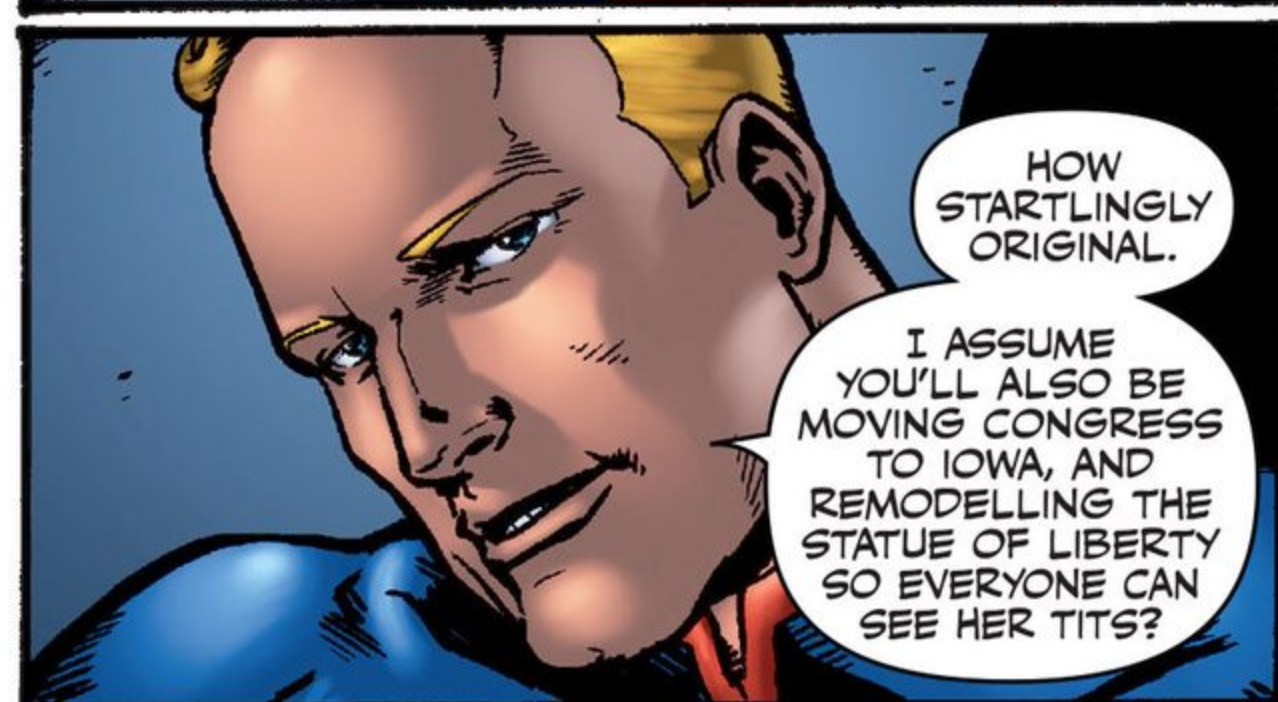
MARKETING HAVE BEEN KICKING AROUND A FEW IDEAS FOR THE MOMENT WHEN YOU STEP INTO THE BREACH.



THAT WAS QUICK. CONSIDERING THEY HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN DEAD FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

COSTUMES, OBVIOUSLY. LESS RESTRAINED, LITTLE MORE MODERN--**DARKER** WAS THE WORD THAT KEPT COMING UP. JACK AND THE DEEP ARE THE MAIN CONCERNS THERE, OF COURSE.

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING BLUE FOR A WHILE...?



HOW STARTLINGLY ORIGINAL.

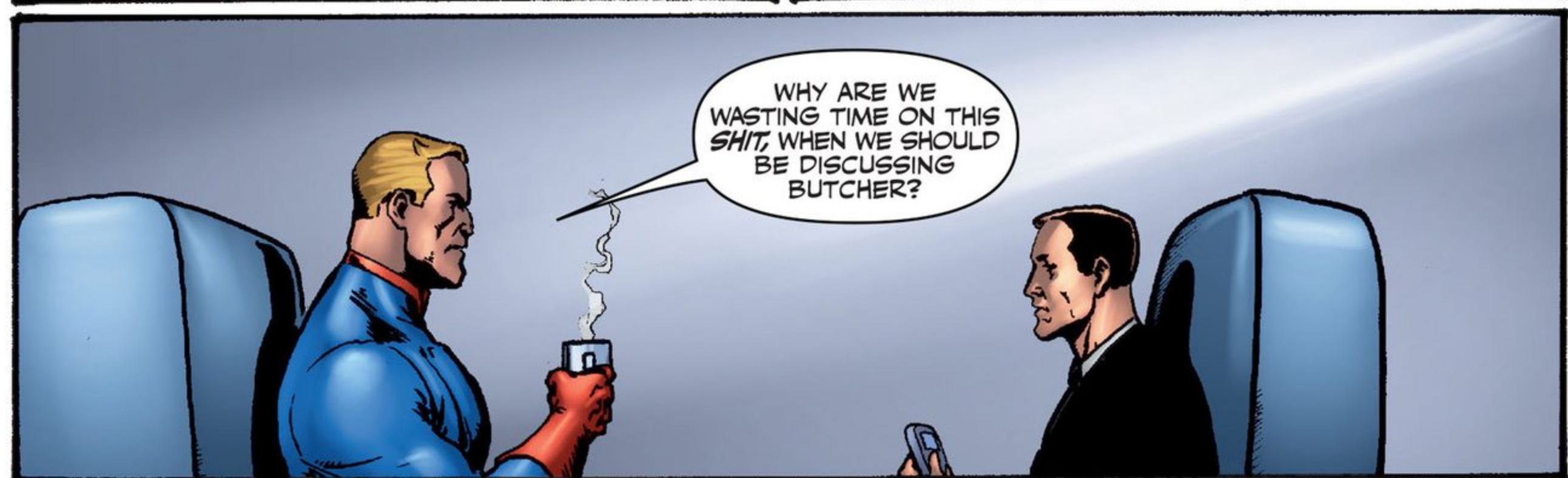
I ASSUME YOU'LL ALSO BE MOVING CONGRESS TO IOWA, AND REMODELLING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY SO EVERYONE CAN SEE HER TITS?



JUST A THOUGHT.

THE NEW GIRL CLEARLY HAS ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT. HAIR AND MAKE-UP, LOT MORE SKIN ON SHOW...WE'LL PROBABLY BE UPPING HER PROFILE A LITTLE...

I HAVE A QUESTION.



WHY ARE WE WASTING TIME ON THIS **SHIT**, WHEN WE SHOULD BE DISCUSSING BUTCHER?



YOU CAN'T DO IT.

I--

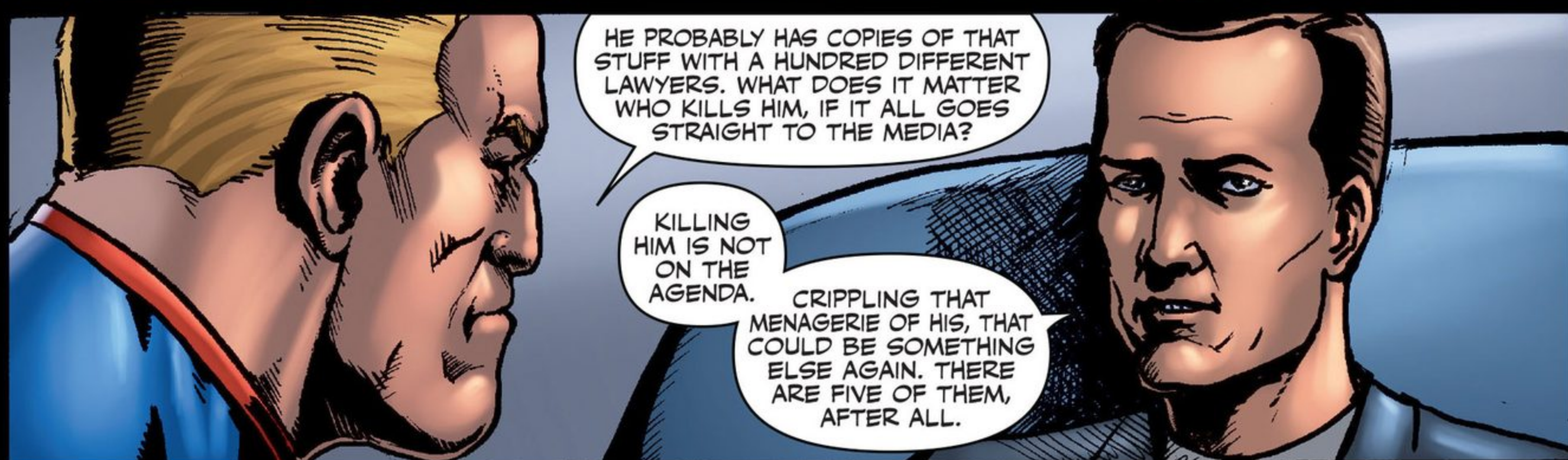
YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T.

WHAT HE HAS COULD BURY YOU TWENTY TIMES OVER.



BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN SOMEONE ELSE COULDN'T SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

SOMEONE KEEN TO IMPRESS, PERHAPS.



HE PROBABLY HAS COPIES OF THAT STUFF WITH A HUNDRED DIFFERENT LAWYERS. WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHO KILLS HIM, IF IT ALL GOES STRAIGHT TO THE MEDIA?

KILLING HIM IS NOT ON THE AGENDA.

CRIPPLING THAT MENAGERIE OF HIS, THAT COULD BE SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. THERE ARE FIVE OF THEM, AFTER ALL.



I DIDN'T REALISE DIRECT ACTION WAS BACK ON THE TABLE. I'D ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO SCARED OF THE PRICK...

BY ORDER OF MY CURRENT SUPERIOR'S PREDECESSOR.

TIMES CHANGE.



HMH.

YOU SEE, THIS IS THE SORT OF THING I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD BE CONSULTED ON. POLICY QUESTIONS THAT ACTUALLY COUNT, NOT MEANINGLESS CRAP ABOUT COSTUMES...

YOU'RE BEING CONSULTED NOW, AREN'T YOU?



YES, BUT--

AND I CAME TO YOU. I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO APPEAR AT MY OFFICE.

NO...

WELL THEN.



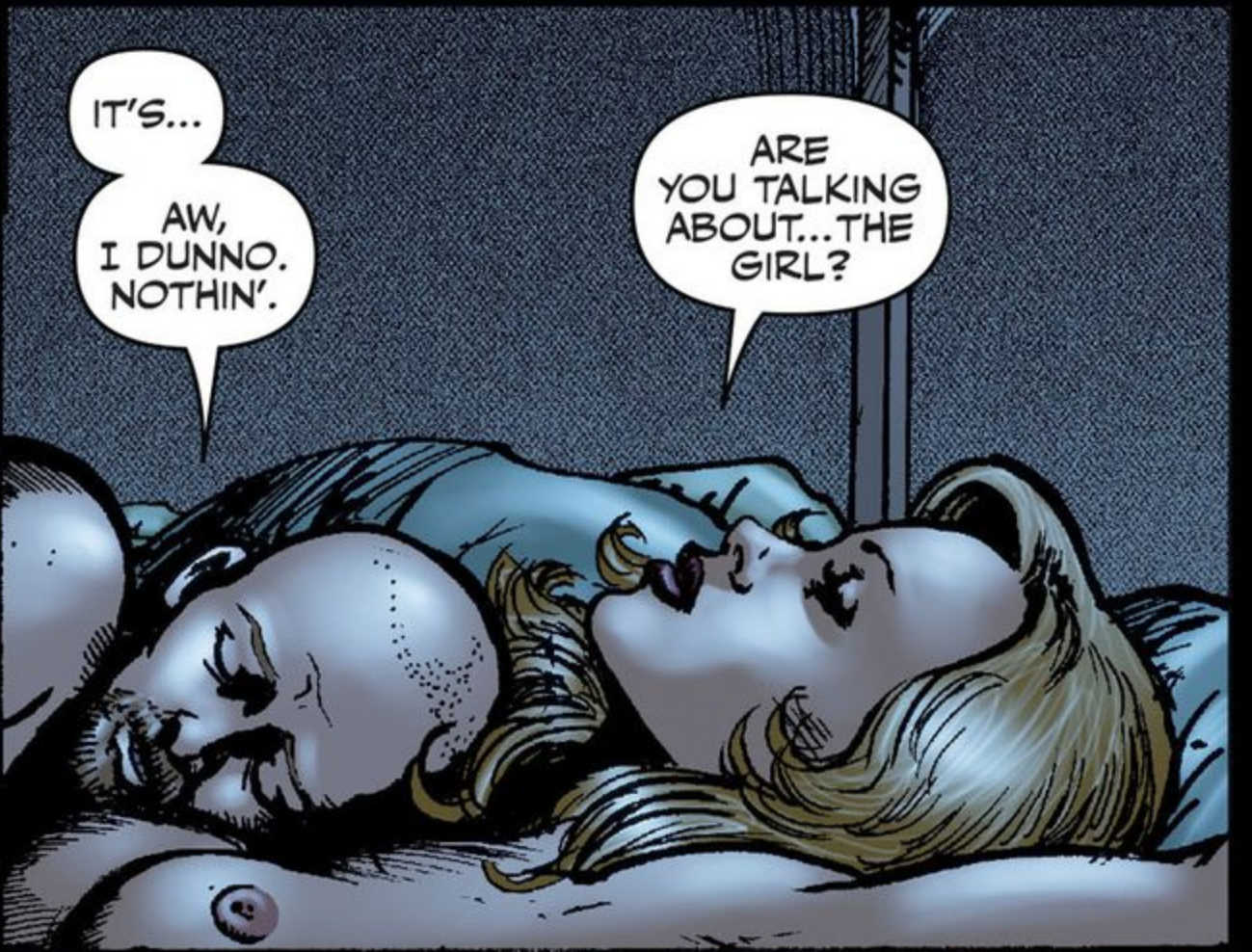


DID YOU EVER SEE ANYONE GET KILLED?

MMM... NO...

NO, I'VE SEEN A COUPLE OF PRETTY OUT-THERE THINGS, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT.

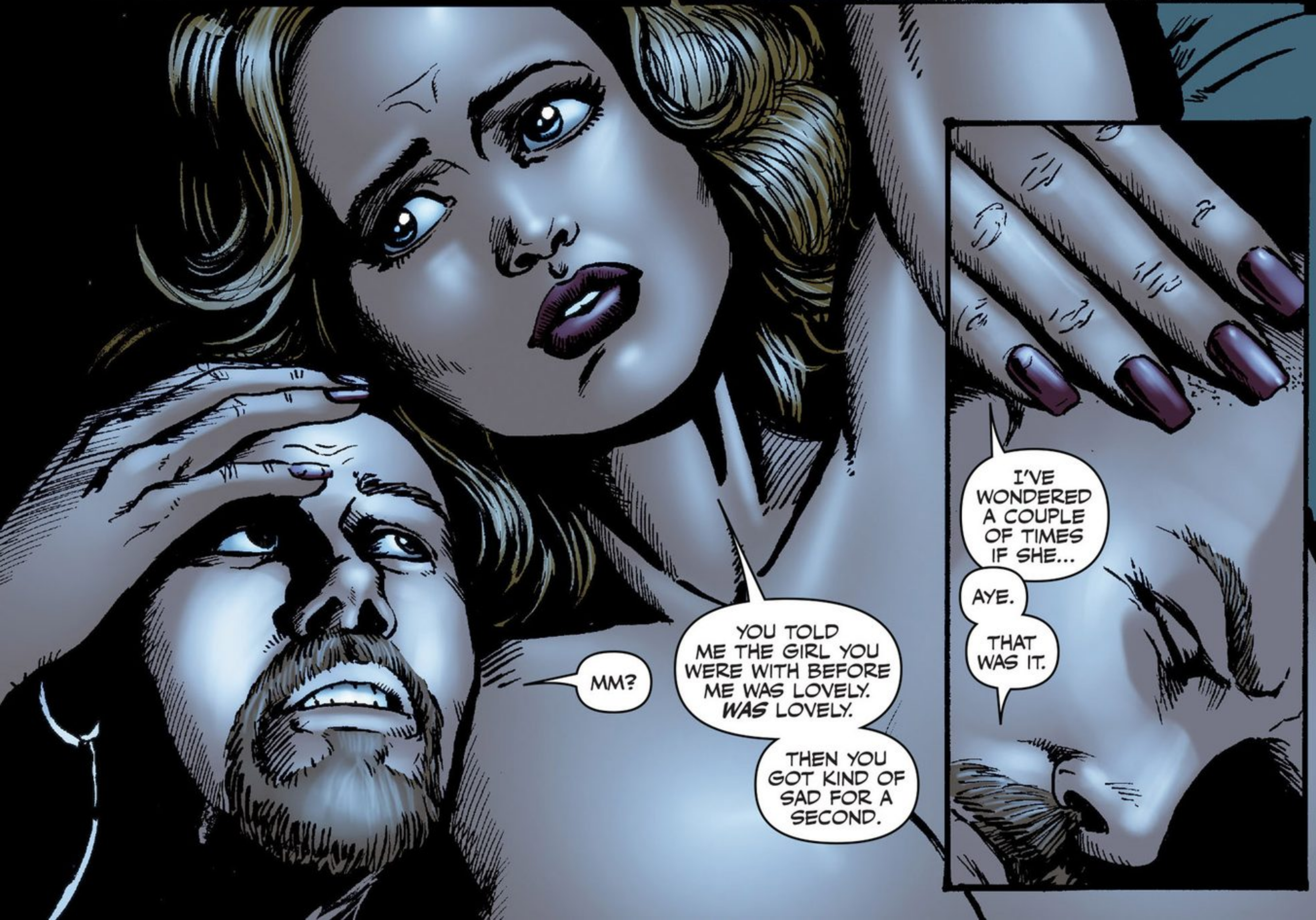
WHY?



IT'S...

AW, I DUNNO. NOTHIN'.

ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT... THE GIRL?



MM?

YOU TOLD ME THE GIRL YOU WERE WITH BEFORE ME WAS LOVELY. *WAS* LOVELY.

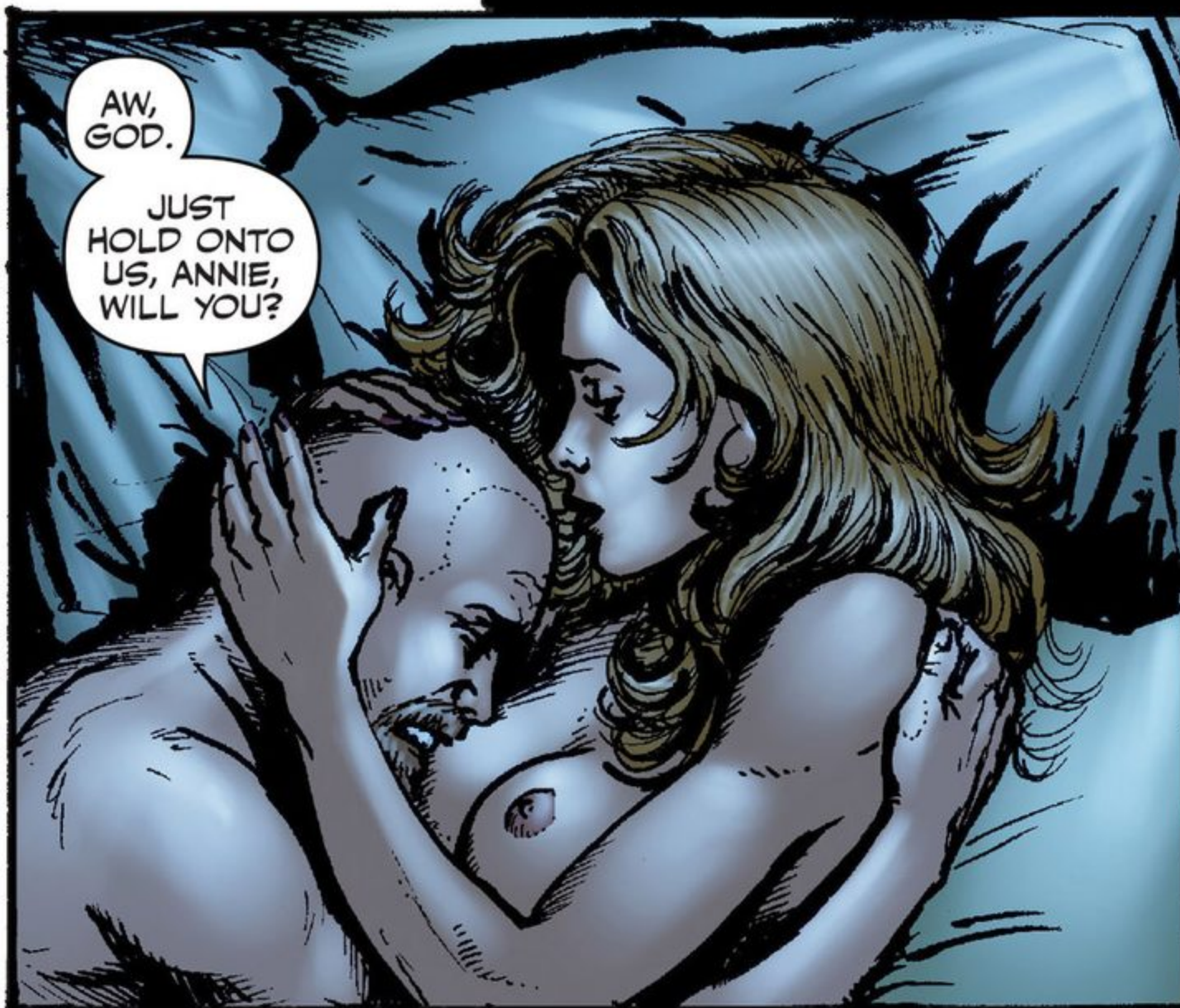
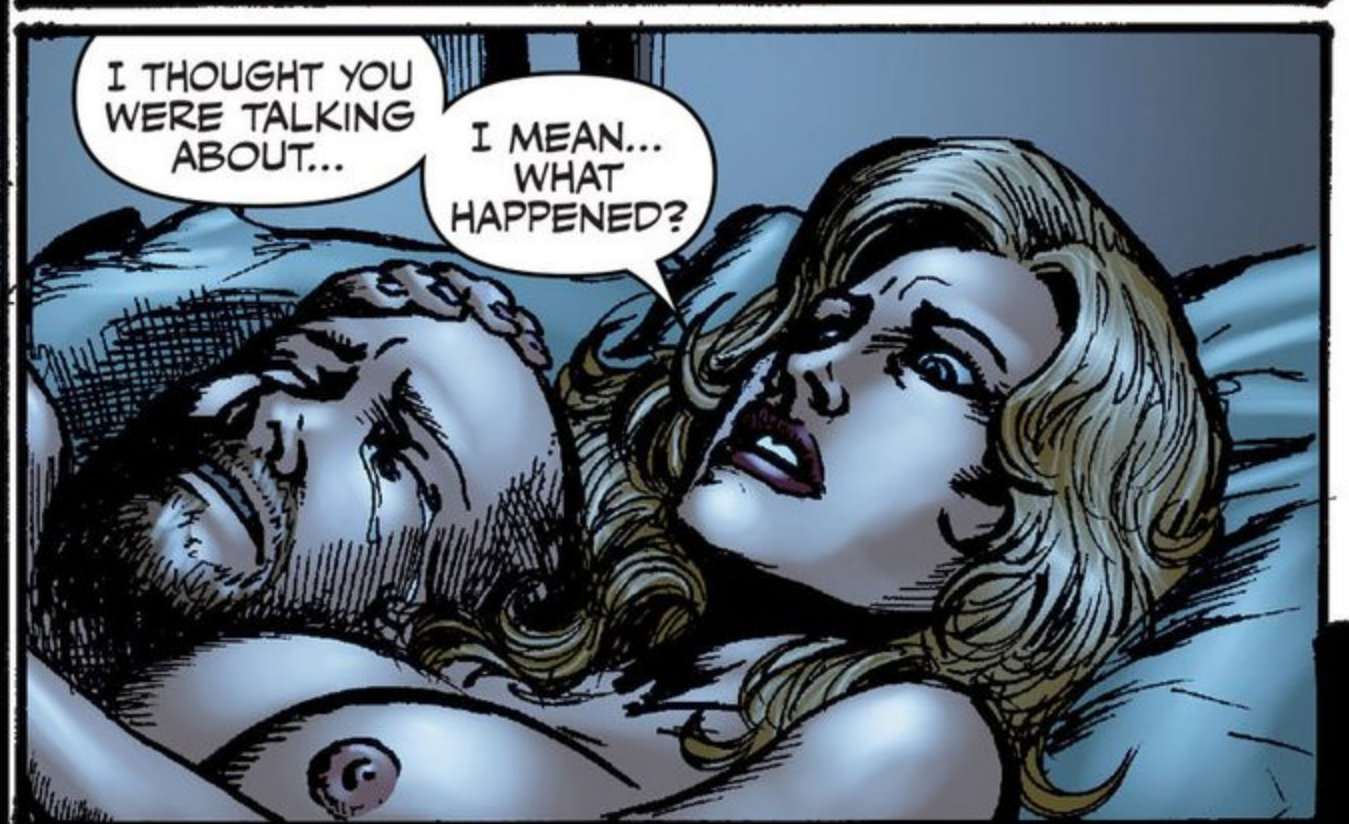
THEN YOU GOT KIND OF SAD FOR A SECOND.

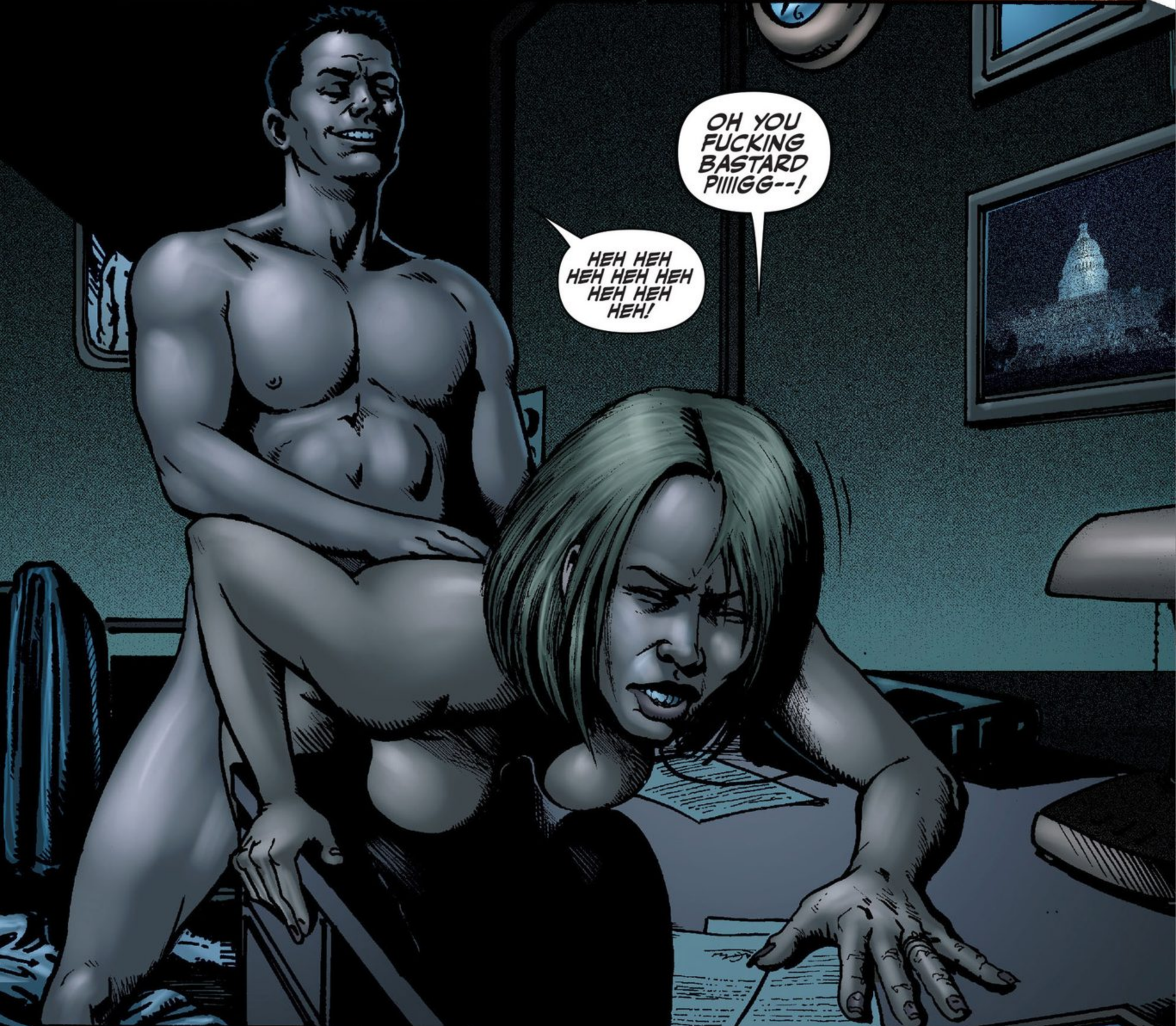


I'VE WONDERED A COUPLE OF TIMES IF SHE...

AYE.

THAT WAS IT.









AN' THEN
I'LL FUCKIN'
KILL YOU.

RODEO FUCK